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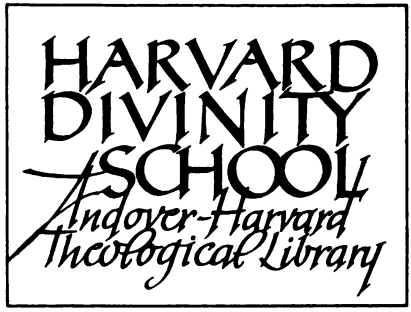
Robert Ellis Thompson.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THE CHANGED CROSS,

AND OTHER

RELIGIOUS POEMS.

NEW-YORK:
RANDOLPH, 683 BROADWAY.
1863.

The great favor which the following Selections have met in the form of "Leaflets for Letters," has induced the Publisher to issue them in a volume. They are still published on separate sheets.

New-York, November, 1861.

THE VISION OF THE CROSSES.

In the mild light of evening, the pilgrim stretched himself to rest on tho odorous grass, and it was not iong till his heavy eyelids fell together. But as he slept a dream bore away his wakeful spirit from the earthly covering of his wearied members. It seemed to him as if the sun's shield which he had seen in the heavenly space had become the countenance of the Eternal; the firmament seemed his garment, the earth his garment's hem. "Lord," he said, "thou wilt not sure in wrath withdraw thy peace from one who still names thee Father if to thee he confess his weakness. Right well I know that every one born of woman has here his cross to bear, but it is not the same burden and suffering all men have to endure. My cross is much too heavy. I desire only a burden befitting my strength; I am sinking, Lord, under this too heavy pressure." As thus, in child-like wise, he spake unto the Highest, behold! the storm came rushing along, and he felt himself caught aloft by its power. And as he came to standing ground again, he was in the midst of far-stretching halls, where all around him he saw a countless multitude of crosses. And a voice sounded through that lonesome place, "Lo! here is the magazine of trouble; thou mayest choose for thyself from amid all these crosses." Then he went from one to another, examining each to prove which was the easiest burden; but could come to no determination. This cross was too large for him, and that one was too heavy, and a third was neither so large nor so heavy, but its sharp-pointed corners galled him exceedingly. And yonder was one, and it cast a glittering light like gold and it enticed him not to pass it untried; but he found its weight also corresponding to its golden brilliancy. He had now examined the entire collection, but there was not one that would exactly suit him. He must survey the whole a second time. And now before overlooked, he remarked a cross that seemed to him more tolerable, and beside that one he stood still at last,—a homely tree of pain not light, but one that fitted properly his strength and measure. "Lord, if thou wilt," he cried, "let this cross be mine."—And as his eyes proved it more attentively lo! it was the same he had borne before—the same against which he had dared to murmur. He lifted it now, and carried it without complaining.—*From the German of Chamisso.*

[redacted]

view of one of the ablest men in Engla
the effect of the late democratic ad
higher classes will be obliged to educate
in order to retain their influence,—the s
state calls for the education of the poo
The dumb millions have now a voice an
themselves heard:—they cannot be lett
in the condition of blind Cyclops, with
but no light,—badly housed, badly fe
together in pestiferous lanes, in great ci
they die and make no sign—the rights c
trampling out the rights of man. Negl
can no longer be; and I confess that
aspect of the new era is full of hope.

Now the working of democracy in An
least calming and reassuring to all who
democracy means spoliation, rapine ar
Read De Tocqueville's great work on "I
in America," the profoundest treatise o
philosophy that the 19th century has pro
there you will find the advantages and
tages of democracy summed up with ju
partiality by one of the keenest observers
philosophic thinkers; and there you will
a great, wealthy, intelligent nation has
under democratic institutions, and how th
ment of democracy has been reconciled
spect for property, with deference for ri
safety to freedom, with reverence for law
gion. De Tocqueville has shown that wh
cracy in America is far from having the
tures that its fond admirers ascribe to it-
has many drawbacks and serious defec
less favourable than other modes of gover
the growth of the finer elements of huma
yet it has great and noble qualities; and
it has made no paradise for man in Ame
cannot, as we see, secure from the horro
war, or the hurricanes of party spirit, y
its sway, an energetic, moral and religi
munity has grown into greatness, and has
future before it. It does not by any mea
that the development of democracy in En
take the republican form as in America, or
necessarily hostile to the principle of loya
throne. The day is very distant, and very
ever to arrive, when England will desi
change her constitutional monarch for an
Presidency. But still we must allow that
its defects, the successful working of d
should allay the the terrors of those who a

The great favor

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for Letters," has ind

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lished on separate she

New-York, Novembe

THE CHANGED CROSS.

It was a time of sadness, and my heart,
Although it knew and loved the better part,
Felt wearied with the conflict and the strife,
And all the needful discipline of life.

And while I thought on these as given to me—
My trial tests of faith and love to be—
It seemed as if I never could be sure
That faithful to the end I should endure.

And thus no longer trusting to His might,
Who says, "we walk by faith, and not by sight,"
Doubting, and almost yielding to despair,
The thought arose—My cross I can not bear.

Far heavier its weight must surely be
Than those of others which I daily see;
Oh! if I might another burden choose,
Methinks I should not fear my crown to lose.

A solemn silence reigned on all around—
E'en Nature's voices uttered not a sound;
The evening shadows seemed of peace to tell,
And sleep upon my weary spirit fell.

A moment's pause, and then a heavenly light
Beamed full upon my wondering, raptured sight;
Angels on silvery wings seemed every where,
And angels' music thrilled the balmy air.

Then One, more fair than all the rest to see—
One to whom all the others bowed the knee—
Came gently to me as I trembling lay,
And, "Follow me," He said, "I am the way."

Then speaking thus, He led me far above;
And there, beneath a canopy of love,
Crosses of divers shape and size were seen,
Larger and smaller than my own had been.

And one there was most beauteous to behold—
A little one, with jewels set in gold;
Ah! this, methought, I can with comfort wear,
For it will be an easy one to bear.

And so the little cross I quickly took,
But all at once my frame beneath it shook;
The sparkling jewels fair were they to *see*,
But far too heavy was their *weight* for me.

This may not be, I cried, and looked again,
To see if there was any here could ease my pain;
But one by one I passed them slowly by,
Till on a lovely one I cast my eye;

Fair flowers around its sculptured form entwined,
And grace and beauty seemed in it combined;
Wondering, I gazed, and still I wondered more
To think so many should have passed it o'er.

But, oh! that form so beautiful to see
Soon made its hidden sorrows known to me;
Thorns lay beneath those flowers and colors fair:
Sorrowing, I said, "This cross I may not bear."

And so it was with each and all around—
Not one to suit my *need* could there be found;
Weeping, I laid each heavy burden down,
As my Guide gently said, "No cross, no crown!"

At length to Him I raised my saddened heart:
He knew its sorrows, bid its doubts depart.
"Be not afraid," He said, "but trust in me—
My perfect love shall now be shown to thee."

And then, with lightened eyes and willing feet,
Again I turned, my earthly cross to meet,
With forward footsteps, turning not aside,
For fear some hidden evil might betide.

And there, in the prepared, appointed way—
Listening to hear and ready to obey—
A cross I quickly found of plainest form,
With only words of love inscribed thereon.

With thankfulness I raised it from the rest,
And joyfully acknowledged it the best—
The only one of all the many there
That I could feel was good for me to bear.

And while I thus my chosen one confessed,
I saw a heavenly brightness on it rest;
And as I bent, my burden to sustain,
I recognized my own old cross again!

But, oh! how different did it seem to be
Now I had learned its preciousness to see!
No longer could I unbelieving say,
Perhaps another is a better way.

Ah, no! henceforth my own desire shall be,
That He who knows me best should choose for me;
And so whate'er His love sees good to send,
I 'll trust it 's best, because He knows the end.

"For my thoughts are not your thoughts, saith the Lord."—ISAIAH 50 : 8.

"For I know the thoughts that I think towards you—thoughts of peace, and not of evil, to give you an expected end."—JER. 29 : 11.

And when that happy time shall come, of endless peace and rest,
We shall look back upon our path, and say—It was the best.

THE MEETING PLACE.

WHERE the faded flower shall freshen,
Freshen never more to fade;
Where the shaded sky shall brighten,
Brighten never more to shade;
Where the sun-blaze never scorches;
Where the star-beams cease to chill;
Where no tempest stirs the echoes
Of the wood, or wave, or hill;
Where the morn shall wake in gladness,
And the moon the joy prolong;
Where the daylight dies in fragrance
'Mid the burst of holy song—
Brother, we shall meet and rest
'Mid the holy and the blest!

Where no shadow shall bewilder;
Where life's vain parade is o'er;
Where the sleep of sin is broken,
And the dreamer dreams no more;
Where the bond is never severed—
Partings, claspings, sobs, and moan,
Midnight waking, twilight weeping,
Heavy noontide—all are done;
Where the child has found its mother,
Where the mother finds the child;

THE MEETING PLACE.

Where dear families are gathered
That were scattered on the wild—
Brother, we shall meet and rest
'Mid the holy and the blest!

Where the hidden wound is healed;
Where the blighted light re-blooms;
Where the smitten heart the freshness
Of its buoyant youth resumes;
Where the love that here we lavish
On the withering leaves of time,
Shall have fadeless flowers to fix on,
In an ever spring bright clime;
Where we find the joy of loving,
As we never loved before;
Loving on unchilled, unhindered,
Loving once and evermore—
Brother, we shall meet and rest
'Mid the holy and the blest!

Where a blasted world shall brighten
Underneath a bluer sphere,
And a softer, gentler sunshine
Shed its healing splendor here;
Where earth's barren vales shall blossom,
Putting on their robe of green,
And a purer, fairer Eden
Be where only wastes have been;
Where a King in kingly glory,
Such as earth has never known,
Shall assume the righteous sceptre,
Claim and wear the heavenly crown—
Brother, we shall meet and rest
'Mid the holy and the blest!

THE PILGRIM.

STILL onward through this land of foes
I pass in Pilgrim guise;
I may not stop to seek repose
Where cool the shadow lies;
I may not stoop amid the grass
To pluck earth's fairest flowers,
Nor by her springing fountains pass
The sultry noontide hours;

Yet flowers I wear upon my breast
That no earth-garden knows—
White lilies of immortal peace,
And love's deep-tinted rose;
And there the blue-eyed flowers of faith,
And hope's bright buds of gold
As lone I tread the upward path,
In richest hues unfold.

I keep my armor ever on,
For foes beset my way;
I watch, lest passing on alone
I fall a helpless prey.
No earthly love have I—I lean
Upon no mortal breast;
But my Beloved, though unseen,
Walks near and gives me rest.

THE PILGRIM.

Afar, around, I often see,
  Throughout this desert wide,
His Pilgrims pressing on like me—
  They often pass my side:
The kindly smile, the gentle word,
  For Jesus' sake I give;
But love—O Thou alone adored!
  For Thee alone I live.

Painful and dark the pathway seems
  To distant earthly eyes;
They only see the hedging thorns
  On either side that rise;
They can not know how soft between
  The flowers of love are strewn—
The sunny ways, the pastures green,
  Where Jesus leads His own;

They can not see, as darkening clouds
  Behind the Pilgrim close,
How far adown the western glade
  The golden glory flows;
They can not hear 'mid earthly din
  The song to Pilgrims known,
Still blending with the angels' hymn
  Around the wondrous throne.

So I, Thy bounteous token-flowers
  Still on my bosom wear;
While me, the fleeting love-winged hours
  To Thee still nearer bear;
So from my lips Thy song shall flow,
  My sweetest music be;
So on mine eyes the glory grow,
  Till all is lost in Thee.

HOLY TEARS.

Yes, thou mayst weep, for Jesus shed
Such tears as those thou sheddest now,
When for the living or the dead,
Sorrow lay heavy on His brow.

He sees thee weep, yet doth not blame
The weakness of thy flesh and heart;
Thy human nature is the same
As that in which He took a part.

He knows its weakness, for He felt
The crushing power of pain and woe,
How body, soul, and spirit melt
And faint beneath the stunning blow.

What if poor sinners count thy grief
The sign of an unchastened will?
He who can give thy soul relief,
Knows that thou art submissive still.

Turn thee to Him, to Him alone;
For all that our poor lips can say
To soothe thee, broken-hearted one,
Would fail to comfort thee to-day.

We will not speak to thee, but sit
In prayerful silence by thy side:
Grief has its ebbs and flows; 'tis fit
Our love should wait the ebbing tide.

Jesus Himself will comfort thee,
In His own time, in His own way;
And haply more than "two or three"
Unite in prayer for thee to-day.

GOD OUR STRENGTH.

MAN in his weakness needs a stronger stay
Than fellow-men, the holiest and the best:
And yet we turn to them from day to day,
As if in them our spirits could find rest.

Gently untwine our childish hands, that cling
To such inadequate supports as these,
And shelter us beneath Thy heavenly wing,
Till we have learned to walk alone with ease.

Help us, O Lord! with patient love, to bear
Each other's faults, to suffer with true meekness;
Help us each other's joys and griefs to share,
But let us turn to Thee alone in weakness.

WHOLLY RESIGNED.

CHRIST leads us through no darker rooms
Than He went through before:
He that into God's kingdom comes,
Must enter by this door:
Come, Lord, when grace hath made me meet
Thy blessed face to see,
For if Thy work on earth be sweet,
What will Thy glory be!

Then I shall end my sad complaints,
And weary, sinful days;
And join with the triumphant saints,
That sing Jehovah's praise:
My knowledge of that life is small,
The eye of faith is dim,
But 'tis enough that Christ knows all,
And I shall be with Him.

"MY TIMES ARE IN THY HAND."

PSALM 31 : 15.

FATHER, I know that all my life
  Is portioned out for me;
And the changes that are sure to come,
  I do not fear to see:
But I ask Thee for a present mind
  Intent on pleasing Thee.

I ask Thee for a thankful love,
  Through constant watching wise,
To meet the glad with joyful smiles,
  And to wipe the weeping eyes,
And a heart at leisure from itself,
  To soothe and sympathize.

I would not have the restless will
  That hurries to and fro,
Seeking for some great thing to do,
  Or secret thing to know;
I would be dealt with as a child,
  And guided where to go.

Wherever in the world I am,
  In whatsoe'er estate,
I have a fellowship with hearts,
  To keep and cultivate;
And a work of holy love to do,
  For the Lord on whom I wait.

MY TIMES ARE IN THY HAND.

I ask Thee for the daily strength,
To none that ask denied;
And a mind to blend with outward life,
While keeping at Thy side,
Content to fill a little space,
If Thou be glorified.

And if some things I do not ask,
In my cup of blessing be,
I would have my spirit filled the more
With grateful love to Thee—
More careful than to serve Thee much,
To please Thee perfectly.

There are briers besetting every path,
That call for patient care;
There is a crook in every lot,
And a need for earnest prayer,
But a lowly heart that leans on Thee,
Is happy every where.

In a service that Thy love appoints,
There are no bonds for me,
For my secret heart is taught the truth
That makes thy children "free,"
And a life of self-renouncing love
Is a life of liberty.

THE BORDER-LANDS.

FATHER, into Thy loving hands,
My feeble spirit I commit,
While wandering in these Border-Lands,
Until Thy voice shall summon it.

Father, I would not dare to choose
A longer life, an earlier death;
I know not what my soul might lose
By shortened or protracted breath.

These Border-Lands are calm and still,
And solemn are their silent shades;
And my heart welcomes them, until
The light of life's long evening fades.

I heard them spoken of with dread,
As fearful and unquiet places;
Shades, where the living and the dead
Look sadly in each other's faces.

But since Thy hand hath led me here,
And I have seen the Border-Land;
Seen the dark river flowing near,
Stood on its brink, as now I stand,

There has been nothing to alarm
My trembling soul; how could I fear
While thus encircled with Thine arm?
I never felt Thee half so near.

What should appal me in a place
That brings me hourly nearer Thee?
When I may almost see Thy face—
Surely 'tis here my soul would be.

They say the waves are dark and deep,
That faith has perished in the river;
They speak of death with fear, and weep:
Shall my soul perish? Never, never.

I know that Thou wilt never leave
The soul that trembles while it clings
To Thee: I know Thou wilt achieve
Its passage on Thine out-spread wings.

And since I first was brought so near
The stream that flows to the Dead Sea,
I think that it has grown more clear
And shallow than it used to be.

I can not see the golden gate
Unfolding yet to welcome me;
I can not yet anticipate
The joy of heaven's jubilee.

But I will calmly watch and pray,
Until I hear my Saviour's voice,
Calling my happy soul away
To see His glory, and rejoice,

"ALL, ALL IS KNOWN TO THEE."

"When my spirit was overwhelmed within me, then thou knewest my path."

My God, whose gracious pity I may claim,
Calling Thee Father, sweet, endearing name!
The sufferings of this weak and weary frame,
All, all are known to Thee.

From human eye 't is better to conceal
Much that I suffer, much I hourly feel;
But oh! the thought does tranquillize and heal,
All, all is known to thee.

Each secret conflict with indwelling sin,
Each sickening fear I ne'er the prize shall win,
Each pang from irritation, turmoil, din—
All, all are known to Thee.

When in the morning unrefreshed I wake,
Or in the night but little sleep can take,
This brief appeal submissively I make—
All, all is known to Thee.

ALL, ALL IS KNOWN TO THEE.

Nay, all by Thee is ordered, chosen, planned –
Each drop that fills my daily cup; thy hand
Prescribes for ills none else can understand.
All, all is known to Thee.

The effectual means to cure what I deplore;
In me thy longed-for likeness to restore;
Self to dethrone, never to govern more—
All, all are known to Thee.

And this continued feebleness, this state
Which seems to unnerve and incapacitate,
Will work the cure my hopes and prayers await—
That can I leave to Thee.

Nor will the bitter draught distasteful prove,
When I recall the SON of Thy dear love
The cup Thou wouldst not for *our* sakes remove—
That cup He drank for *me*.

He drank it to the dregs—no drop remained
Of wrath, for those whose cup of woe he drained;
Man ne'er can know what that sad cup contained—
All, all is known to Thee.

And welcome—*precious* can His spirit make
My little drop of suffering for His sake.
Father, the cup I drink, the path I take,
All, all is known to Thee.

OH! FOR THE HAPPY DAYS GONE BY.

Oh! for the happy days gone by,
When love ran smooth and free,
Days when my spirit so enjoyed
More than earth's liberty!

Oh! for the times when on my heart
Long prayer had never palled,
Times when the ready thought of God
Would come when it was called!

Then when I knelt to meditate,
Sweet thoughts came o'er my soul,
Countless, and bright, and beautiful,
Beyond my own control.

Oh! who hath locked those fountains up?
Those visions who hath staid?
What sudden act hath thus transformed
My sunshine into shade?

This freezing heart, O Lord! this will
Dry as the desert sand—
Good thoughts that will not come, bad thoughts
That come without command—

A faith that seems not faith, a hope
That cares not for its aim—
A love that none the hotter grows
At Jesus' blessed name—

The weariness of prayer, the mist
O'er conscience overspread—
The chill repugnance to frequent
The feast of angels' bread:

If this drear change be Thine, O Lord!
If it be Thy sweet will,
Spare not, but to the very brim
The bitter chalice fill;

But if it hath been sin of mine,
Oh! show that sin to me—
Not to get back the sweetness lost,
But to make peace with Thee.

One thing alone, dear Lord! I dread:
To have a secret spot
That separates my soul from Thee,
And yet to know it not.

Oh! when the tide of graces set
So full upon my heart,
I know, dear Lord! how faithlessly
I did my little part.

HAPPY DAYS.

I know how well my heart hath earned
A chastisement like this,
In trifling many a grace away
In self-complacent bliss.

But if this weariness hath come
A present from on high,
Teach me to find the hidden wealth
That in its depths may lie;

So in this darkness I can learn
To tremble and adore,
To sound my own vile nothingness,
And thus to love Thee more;

To love Thee, and yet not to think
That I can love so much;
To have Thee with me, Lord! all day
Yet not to feel Thy touch.

If I have served Thee, Lord! for hire,
Hire which Thy beauty showed,
Ah! I can serve Thee now for naught,
And only as my God.

Oh! blessed be this darkness, then,
This deep in which I lie,
And blessed be all things that teach
God's dread supremacy!

LOST TREASURES.

Let us be patient, God has taken from us
The earthly treasures upon which we leaned,
That from the fleeting things which lie around us,
Our clinging hearts should be forever weaned.

They have passed from us—all our broad possessions:
Ships, whose white sails flung wide past distant shores;
Lands, whose rich harvests smiled in the glad sunshine;
Silver and gold, and all our hoarded stores.

And, dearer far, the pleasant home where gathered
Our loved and loving round the blazing hearth;
Where honored age on the soft cushions rested,
And childhood played about in frolic mirth:

Where underneath the softened light bent kindly
The mother's tender glance on daughters fair;
And he on whom all leant with fond confiding,
Rested contented from his daily care.

All shipwrecked in one common desolation!
The garden-walks by other feet are trod;
The clinging vines by other fingers tutored
To fling their shadows o'er the grassy sod.

While carking care and deep humiliation,
In tears are mingled with their daily bread;
And the rude blasts we never thought could reach us,
Have spent their worst on each defenseless head.

LOST TREASURES.

Let us be cheerful! The same sky o'er-arches—
  Soft rain falls on the evil and the good;
On narrow walls, and through our humbler dwelling,
  God's glorious sunshine pours as rich a flood.

Faith, hope, and love still in our hearts abiding,
  May bear their precious fruits in us the same;
And to the couch of suffering we may carry,
  If but the cup of water, in His name.

Let us be thankful, if in this affliction
  No grave is opened for the loving heart;
And while we bend beneath our Father's chiding,
  We yet can mourn "each family apart."

Shoulder to shoulder let us breast the torrent,
  With not one cold reproach nor angry look;
There are some seasons, when the heart is smitten
  It can no whisper of unkindness brook.

Our life is not in all these brief possessions;
  Our home is not in any pleasant spot;
Pilgrims and strangers we must journey onward,
  Contented with the portion of our lot.

These earthly walls must shortly be dismantled;
  These earthly tents be struck by angel hands;
But to be built up on a sure foundation,
  There, where our Father's mansion ever stands?

There shall we meet, parent and child, and dearer
  That earthly love which makes half heaven of home;
There shall we find our treasures all awaiting,
  Where change and death and parting never come.

SUNDAY.

"I WAS in the spirit on the Lord's day."—REV. 1 : 10.

AFTER long days of storms and showers,
Of sighing winds, and dripping bowers,
How sweet, at morn, to ope our eyes
On newly "swept and garnished" skies!

To miss the clouds, and driving rain,
And see that all is bright again—
So bright we can not choose but say,
Is this the world of yesterday?

Even so, methinks, the Sunday brings
A change o'er all familiar things;
A change—we know not whence it came—
They are, and they are not, the same.

There is a spell within, around,
On eye and ear, on sight and sound;
And loth or willing, they and we
Must own this day a mystery.

Sure all things wear a heavenly dress
That sanctifies their loveliness;
Types of that endless resting-day,
When "we shall be changed" as they.

SUNDAY.

To-day our peaceful, ordered home
Foreshadoweth mansions yet to come;
We foretaste, in domestic love,
The faultless charities above.

And as at yester-eventide
Our tasks and toys were laid aside;
Lo! here our training for the day
When we shall lay them down for aye.

But not alone for musings deep,
Meek souls their "day of days" will keep;
Yet other glorious things than these,
The Christian in his Sabbath sees.

His eyes, by faith, his Lord behold;
How on the week's first day of old,
From hell he rose, on death he trod,
Was seen of men, and went to God.

And as we fondly pause to look
Where in some daily-handled book,
Approval's well-known tokens stand,
Traced by some dear and thoughtful hand;

Even so there shines one day in seven,
Bright with the special mark of heaven,
That we with love and praise may dwell
On Him who loveth us so well.

Whether, in meditative walk,
Alone with God and heaven we talk,
Catching the simple chime that calls
Our feet to some old church's walls;

Or passed within the church's door,
Where poor are rich, and rich are poor,
We say the prayers, and hear the word,
Which there our fathers said and heard;

Or represent in solemn wise,
Our all-prevailing sacrifice;
Feeding in joint communion high,
The life of faith that can not die.

And surely in a world like this,
So rife with woe, so scant of bliss—
Where fondest hopes are oftenest crossed,
And fondest hopes are severed most;

'Tis something that we kneel and pray
With loved ones near and far away;
One God, one faith, one hope, one care,
One form of words, one hour of prayer.

'Tis just—yet pause, till ear and heart,
In one brief silence, ere we part,
Somewhat of that high strain have caught,
"The peace of God which passeth thought."

Then turn we to our earthly homes,
Not doubting but that Jesus comes,
Breathing his peace on hall and hut,
At evening when the doors are shut;

Then speeds us on our work-day way,
And hallows every common day;
Without *him* Sunday's self were dim,
But all are bright, *if spent with him.*

ONE BY ONE.

ONE by one the sands are flowing,
One by one the moments fall,
Some are coming, some are going—
Do not strive to grasp them all.

One by one thy duties wait thee,
Let thy whole strength go to each;
Let no future dreams elate thee;
Learn thou first what those can teach.

One by one, (bright gifts from heaven,)
Joys are sent thee here below;
Take them readily, when given,
Ready too to let them go.

One by one thy griefs shall meet thee,
Do not fear an armèd band;
One will fade, while others greet thee,
Shadows passing through the land.

Do not look at life's long sorrow,
See how small each moment's pain;
God will help thee for to-morrow—
Every day begin again.

Every hour that fleets so slowly,
Has its task to do or bear;
Luminous the crown, and holy,
If thou set each gem with care.

Do not linger with regretting,
Or for passion's hour despond;
Nor, the daily toil forgetting,
Look too eagerly beyond.

Hours are golden links, God's token,
Reaching heaven but one by one;
Take them lest the chain be broken,
Ere the pilgrimage be done.

MARY'S CHOICE.

Jesus, engrave it on my heart,
That thou the one thing needful art;
I could from all things parted be,
But never, never, Lord, from thee.

Needful is thy most precious blood,
Needful is thy correcting rod,
Needful is thy indulgent care,
Needful thy all-prevailing prayer.

Needful thy presence, dearest Lord,
True peace and comfort to afford;
Needful thy promise to impart
Fresh life and vigor to my heart.

Needful art thou to be my stay
Through all life's dark and thorny way;
Nor less in death thou'lt needful be,
To bring my spirit home to thee.

Then needful still, my God, my King,
Thy name eternally I'll sing;
Glory and praise be ever his,
The one thing needful, Jesus is

"NEARER HOME."

One sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er:
I'm nearer home to-day
Than I ever have been before.

Nearer my Father's house,
Where the many mansions be;
Nearer the great white throne,
Nearer the jasper sea;

Nearer the bound of life,
Where we lay our burdens down;
Nearer leaving the cross,
Nearer wearing the crown.

But lying darkly between,
Winding down through the night,
Is the dim and unknown stream
That leads at last to the light.

Closer, closer my steps
Come to the dark abysm,
Closer, death to my lips
Presses the awful chrism.

Saviour, perfect my trust,
Strengthen the might of my faith,
Let me feel as I would when I stand
On the rock of the shore of death;

NEARER HOME.

Feel as I would when my feet
Are slipping over the brink;
For it may be I'm nearer home,
Nearer now, than I think.

OH! TO BE READY.

"Oh! to be ready when death shall come,
Oh! to be ready to hasten home!
No earthward clinging, no lingering gaze,
No strife at parting, no sore amaze;
No chains to sever that earth hath twined,
No spell to loosen that love would bind.

"No flitting shadows to dim the light
Of the angel-pinions winged for flight,
No cloud-like phantoms to fling a gloom
'Twixt heaven's bright portals and earth's dark tomb
But sweetly, gently, to pass away
From the world's dim twilight into day.

"To list the music of angel lyres,
To catch the rapture of seraph fires,
To lean in trust on the risen One,
Till borne away to a fadeless throne;
Oh! to be ready when death shall come,
Oh! to be ready to hasten home!"

THE BRIDEGROOM'S DOVE.

"O MY Dove! in the clefts of the rock, in the secret of the stairs
CANT. 2 : 14.

"MY Dove!" The Bridegroom speaks. To whom?
Whom, think'st thou, meaneth He?
Say, O my soul! canst thou presume
He thus addresseth thee?
Yes, 'tis the Bridegroom's voice of love,
Calling thee, O my soul! His Dove!

The Dove is gentle, mild, and meek:
Deserve I, then, the name?
I look within in vain to seek
Aught which can give a claim:
Yet, made so by redeeming love,
My soul, thou art the Bridegroom's Dove!

Methinks, my soul, that thou may'st see,
In this endearing word,
Reasons why Jesus likens thee
To this defenceless bird;
Reasons which show the Bridegroom's love
To His poor helpless, timid Dove!

The Dove, of all the feathered tribe,
Doth least of power possess:
My soul, what better can describe
Thine utter helplessness?
Yet courage take! the Bridegroom's love
Will keep, defend, protect His Dove!

THE BRIDEGROOM'S DOVE.

The Dove hath neither claw nor sting,
  Nor weapon for the fight;
She owes her safety to her wing,
  Her victory to flight.
A shelter hath the Bridegroom's love
Provided for his helpless Dove!

The Hawk comes on, in eager chase—
  The Dove will not resist;
In flying to her hiding-place,
  Her safety doth consist.
The Bridegroom opes his arms of love,
And in them folds His panting Dove!

Nothing the Dove can now molest,
  Safe from the fowler's snare;
The Bridegroom's bosom is her nest—
  Nothing can harm her there.
Encircled by the arms of love,
Almighty power protects the Dove!

As the poor Dove, before the Hawk,
  Quick to her refuge flies,
So need I, in my daily walk,
  The wing which faith supplies
To bear me where the Bridegroom's love
Places beyond all harm His Dove!

My soul of native power bereft,
  To Calvary repairs:
Immanuel is the *rocky cleft*,
  The secret of the stairs!
Since placed *there* by the Bridegroom's love,
What evil can befall His Dove?

THE BRIDEGROOM'S DOVE.

Though Sinai's thunder round her roars,
  Though Ebal's lightnings flash,
Though heaven a fiery torrent pours,
  And riven mountains crash—
Through all, the "still small voice" of love
Whispers, "Be not afraid, my Dove!"

What though the heavens away may pass,
  With fervent heat dissolve,
And round the sun this earthly mass
  No longer shall revolve!
Behold a miracle of love!
The lion quakes, but not the Dove!

My soul, now hid within a rock,
  (The "Rock of Ages" called,)
Amid the universal shock
  Is fearless, unappalled.
A cleft therein, prepared by love,
In safety hides the Bridegroom's Dove!

O happy Dove! thus weak, thus safe;
  Do I resemble her?
Then to my soul, O Lord! vouchsafe
  A *dove-like* character!
Pure, harmless, gentle, full of love,
Make me in spirit, Lord, a Dove!

O Thou who on the Bridegroom's head
  Didst, as a Dove, come down,
Within my soul Thy graces shed,
  Establish there Thy throne;
There shed abroad a Saviour's love,
Thou holy, pure, and heavenly Dove!

S. R. M.

GOD, MY EXCEEDING JOY

PSALM 43 : 4.

I.

EARLY my spirit turned
From earthly things away,
And agonized and yearned
For the eternal day:
Dimly I saw, when but a boy,
God, my exceeding joy.

II.

In days of fiercer flame,
When passion urged me on,
'Twas only bliss in name—
The pleasure soon was gone.
Compared with thee, how all things cloy
God, my exceeding joy!

III.

At length the moment came—
Jesus made known his love;
High shot the kindling flame
To glories all above.
Now all the powers one theme employ,
God, my exceeding joy.

IV.

Shadows came on apace;
Tears were a pensive shower;
I cried for timely grace
To save me from the hour:
Thou gavest peace without alloy,
God, my exceeding joy.

V.

One trial yet awaits,
  Gigantic at the close;
All that my spirit hates
  May then my peace oppose;
But God shall this last foe destroy,
  God, my exceeding joy.

GOD'S SUPPORT AND GUIDANCE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

Forsake me not, my God,
  Thou God of my salvation!
Give me thy light, to be
  My sure illumination.
My soul to folly turns,
  Seeking she knows not what;
Oh! lead her to thyself—
  My God, forsake me not!

Forsake me not, my God!
  Take not thy Spirit from me;
And suffer not the might
  Of sin to o'ercome me.
A father pitieth
  The children he begot;
My Father, pity me—
  My God, forsake me not

GOD'S SUPPORT AND GUIDANCE.

Forsake me not, my God!
Thou God of life and power,
Enliven, strengthen me
In every evil hour;
And when the sinful fire
Within my heart is hot,
Be not thou far from me—
My God, forsake me not!

Forsake me not, my God!
Uphold me in my going,
That evermore I may
Please thee in all well-doing;
And that thy will, O Lord!
May never be forgot
In all my works and ways—
My God, forsake me not!

Forsake me not, my God!
I would be thine forever;
Confirm me mightily
In every right endeavor:
And when my hour is come,
Cleansed from all stain and spot
Of sin, receive my soul—
My God, forsake me not!

I AM.

"God calls himself I Am, leaving a blank which each soul may fill up with that which is most precious to himself."

Thou bid'st us call, and giv'st us many a name,
That thou may'st hear and answer every cry;
But—for the wants of all are not the same—
Another name thy wondrous love did try;
To Moses first thou gav'st it, and he knew
Its worth, and taught us how to prize it, too.
I Am—let every sinner kneel, and thank
The Lord, and with his wants fill up the blank.
Thy very wounds do say, each drop they bleed,
"I am thy need."

Oh! I am weary of this life,
Of all its vanity and care;
Where can I hide me from its strife,
From all its noises—where?
My spirit sinks beneath the load,
I pant to reach a safe abode.
When shall I find a sweet release?
Remains there yet a lasting peace,
A calm from my long storm-tost breast?
"I Am thy rest."

Oh! I am full of grievous sin,
I can do naught that's right;
O God! how base my soul is in
Thy pure and holy sight!
Thy perfect laws I daily, hourly break,
And will not yield my will for thy sweet sake.

I AM.

Still in my soul do burn wicked desires,
And my heart's altar bears unhallowed fires;
I can do naught but all these things confess.
"I Am thy righteousness."

But, Lord, I am so weak, so weak,
I can not stand before thy face,
Thy praises I can hardly speak,
Hardly stretch forth my hands for grace;
The way seems long, the burden who can bear?
Lord, must I sink beneath the load of care?
Thus is it now, what shall it be at length?
"I Am thy strength."

Lord, I must die; e'en now the wing
Of thy dread angel hovereth nigh;
I know the message he doth bring—
"Soul, thou hast sinned, and thou must die."
All nature feels and owns the just decree,
And is this all that is in store for me—
Ashes to ashes, dust to kindred dust,
No hope, no light? Surely my spirit must
Sink in despair ere nature's last, fierce strife—
"I Am thy life."

Oh! wonderful thou art!
Too wonderful for me is such great love,
Shining in such a heart
Like sunbeams from above.
How rich am I! yea, all things I possess,
Peace, joy, life, strength, and perfect righteousness.
Jehovah shows himself, and gives to me
All my desire. Look, trembling soul, and see
On what a treasury thy want may call—
"I Am thine all in all."

A LITTLE WHILE.

Beyond the smiling and the weeping
I shall be soon;
Beyond the waking and the sleeping,
Beyond the sowing and the reaping,
I shall be soon.
Love, rest, and home!
Sweet hope!
Lord, tarry not, but come.

Beyond the blooming and the fading
I shall be soon;
Beyond the shining and the shading,
Beyond the hoping and the dreading,
I shall be soon.
Love, rest, and home!
Sweet hope!
Lord, tarry not, but come.

Beyond the rising and the setting
I shall be soon;
Beyond the calming and the fretting,
Beyond remembering and forgetting,
I shall be soon.
Love, rest, and home!
Sweet hope!
Lord, tarry not, but come.

A LITTLE WHILE.

Beyond the gathering and the strewing
I shall be soon;
Beyond the ebbing and the flowing,
Beyond the coming and the going,
I shall be soon.
Love, rest, and home!
Sweet hope!
Lord, tarry not, but come.

Beyond the parting and the meeting
I shall be soon;
Beyond the farewell and the greeting,
Beyond this pulse's fever beating,
I shall be soon.
Love, rest, and home!
Sweet hope!
Lord, tarry not, but come.

Beyond the frost-chain and the fever
I shall be soon;
Beyond the rock-waste and the river,
Beyond the ever and the never,
I shall be soon.
Love, rest, and home!
Sweet hope!
Lord, tarry not, but come.

HINDER ME NOT.

HINDER me not! the path is long and weary,
I may not pause nor tarry by the way,
Night cometh, when no man may journey onward,
For we must walk as children of the day.

I know the city lieth fair behind me,
The very brightest gem that studs the plain,
But thick and fast the lurid clouds are rising,
Which soon shall scatter into fiery rain.

I must press on until I reach my Zoar,
And there find refuge from the fearful blast:
In thy cleft side, O smitten Saviour! hide me,
Till the calamity be overpast.

Ye can not tempt me back with pomp or pleasure,
All in my eager grasp have turned to dust;
The shield of love around my hearth is broken,
How shall I place on man's frail life my trust?

But my heart lingers when I pass the dwellings,
Where children play about the open door;
And pleasant voices waken up the echoes,
From silent lips of those I see no more.

For through their chambers swept the solemn warning,
Arise! depart! for this is not your rest;
They folded their pale hands and sought the presence—
I only bore the arrow in my breast.

But there is balm in Gilead, and a Healer
Whose sovereign power can cure our every ill;
And to the soul, more wildly tempest tossing
Than ever Galilee, say, Peace, be still!

Who showing his own name thereon engraven,
With bleeding hands will draw the dart again,
And whisper: "Should the true disciple murmur
To taste the cup his Master's lip could drain?"

And then lead on, until we reach the river,
Which all must cross, and some must cross alone;
Oh! ye who in the land of peace are wearied,
How shall ye breast the Jordan's swelling moan?

I know not if the wave shall rage or slumber,
When I shall stand upon the nearer shore.
But one whose form the Son of God resembleth,
Will cross with me, and I shall ask no more.

O weary heads! rest on your Saviour's bosom,
O weary feet! press on the path he trod,
O weary souls! your rest shall be remaining
When ye have gained the city of your God!

O glorious city! jasper built, and shining
With God's own glory in effulgent light,
Wherein no manner of defilement cometh,
Nor any shadow flung from passing night.

Then shall ye pluck fruits from that tree immortal,
And be like gods, but find no curse therein.
There shall ye slake your thirst in that full fountain
Whose distant streams sufficed to cleanse your sin.

There shall ye find your dead in Christ arisen,
And learn from them to sing the angel's song;
Well may ye echo from earth's waiting prison,
The martyr's cry: "How long, O Lord! how long!"

"I CLING TO THEE."

O HOLY Saviour! Friend unseen!
Since on thine arm thou bidst me lean,
Help me through life's varying scene,
By faith I cling to thee.

Blest with this fellowship divine,
Take what thou wilt, I'll ne'er repine;
E'en as the branches to the vine,
My soul would cling to thee.

Far from her home, fatigued, oppressed,
Here has she found her place of rest,
An exile still, yet not unblessed,
While she can cling to thee.

What though the world deceitful prove,
And earthly friends and joys remove,
With patient uncomplaining love,
Still would I cling to thee.

Though faith and hope may long be tried,
I ask not, need not aught beside;
How safe, how calm, how satisfied,
The soul that clings to thee.

They fear not Satan nor the grave;
They feel thee near, and strong to save;
Nor dread to cross e'en Jordan's wave,
Because they cling to thee.

Blest is my lot—whate'er befall;
What can disturb me—who appall?
While as my strength, my rock, my all,
Saviour! I cling to thee.

"ALONE YET NOT ALONE."

When no kind earthly friend is near,
With gentle words my heart to cheer,
Still am I with my Saviour dear;
"Alone, yet not alone."

Though no loved forms my path attend,
With tender looks o'er me to bend,
Yet am I with my unseen Friend;
"Alone, yet not alone."

When sorely racked with pain and grief,
Here I can find a sure relief;
And I rejoice in the belief:
"Alone, yet not alone."

'Tis on his strength that I rely,
And doubts and fears at once defy;
So happy, so content am I,
"Alone, yet not alone."

E'en when with friends my lot is cast,
And words of love are flowing fast,
Still am I when those hours are past,
"Alone, yet not alone."

If all my earthly friends remove,
My fondest wishes empty prove,
Still am I with my Saviour's love,
"Alone, yet not alone."

Whate'er may now to me betide,
I have a place wherein to hide;
By faith, 'tis e'en at his blest side;
"Alone, yet not alone."

THE SCHOOL OF SUFFERING.

Saviour, beneath thy yoke,
My wayward heart doth pine;
All unaccustomed to the stroke
Of love divine:
Thy chastisements, my God, are hard to bear,
Thy cross is heavy for frail flesh to wear.

"Perishing child of clay!
Thy sighing I have heard;
Long have I marked thy evil way,
How thou hast erred!
Yet fear not, by my own most holy name
I will shed healing through thy sin-sick frame."

Praise to thee, gracious Lord!
I fain would be at rest;
Oh! now fulfill thy faithful word
And make me blest;
My soul would lay her heavy burden down,
And take, with joyfulness, the promised crown.

"Stay, thou short-sighted child!
There is much first to do,
Thy heart so long by sin defiled,
I must renew;
Thy will must here be taught to bend to mine,
Or the sweet peace of heaven can ne'er be thine."

Yea, Lord, but thou canst soon
Perfect thy work in me,
Till like the pure, calm summer noon
I shine by thee;
A moment shine, that all thy power may trace,
Then pass in stillness to my heavenly place.

"Ah! coward soul, confess
Thou shrinkest from my cure,
Thou tremblest at the sharp distress
Thou must endure,

The foes on every hand for war arrayed,
The thorny path in tribulation laid.

"The process slow of years,
The discipline of life;
Of outward woes and secret tears,
Sickness and strife;
Thine idols taken from thee one by one,
Till thou canst dare to live with me alone.

"Some gentle souls there are,
Who yield unto my love,
Who, ripening fast beneath my cure,
I soon remove;
But thou stiff-necked art, and hard to rule.
Thou must stay longer in affliction's school."

My Maker and my King!
Is this thy love to me?
Oh! that I had the lightning's wing,
From earth to flee;
How can I bear the heavy weight of woes
Thine indignation on the creature throws?

"Thou canst not, O my child!
So hear my voice again;
I will bear all thy anguish wild,
Thy grief—thy pain;
My arms shall be around thee, day by day,
My smile shall cheer thee on thy heavenward way.

"In sickness, I will be
Watching beside thy bed,
In sorrow thou shalt lean on me
Thy aching head;
In every struggle thou shalt conqueror prove,
Nor death itself shall sever from my love."

O grace beyond compare!
O love most high and pure!
Saviour begin, no longer spare,
I can endure;
Only vouchsafe thy grace, that I may live
Unto thy glory who canst so forgive.

HEAVEN.

Oh! heaven is nearer than mortals think,
When they look with a trembling dread
At the misty future that stretches on,
From the silent home of the dead.

'Tis no lone isle on a boundless main,
No brilliant but distant shore,
Where the lovely ones who are called away
Must go to return no more.

No, heaven is near us; the mighty veil
Of mortality blinds the eye,
That we can not see the angel bands,
On the shores of eternity.

The eye that shuts in a dying hour
Will open the next in bliss;
The welcome will sound in the heavenly world,
Ere the farewell is hushed in this.

We pass from the clasp of mourning friends,
To the arms of the loved and lost,
And those smiling faces will greet us there,
Which on earth we have valued most.

Yet oft in the hours of holy thought,
To the thirsting soul is given
That power to pierce through the mist of sense,
To the beautous scenes of heaven.

Then very near seem its pearly gates,
And sweetly its harpings fall;
Till the soul is restless to soar away,
And longs for the angel's call.

I know when the silver cord is loosed,
When the veil is rent away,
Not long and dark shall the passage be,
To the realm of endless day.

M. J. Stowe

A VOICE FROM HEAVEN

I SHINE in the light of God,
His image stamps my brow;
Through the shadows of Death my feet have trod,
And I reign in glory now.
No breaking heart is here,
No keen and thrilling pain,
No wasted cheek, where the burning tear
Hath rolled, and left its stain.

I have found the joys of heaven,
I am one of the angel band;
To my head a crown is given,
And a harp is in my hand;
I have learned the song they sing,
Whom Jesus hath made free,
And the glorious walls of heaven still ring
With my new-born melody.

No sin, no grief, no pain—
Safe in my happy home;
My fears all fled, my doubts all slain,
My hour of triumph come;
O friends of my mortal years!
The trusted and the true,
You're walking still the vale of tears,
But I wait to welcome you.

A VOICE FROM HEAVEN.

Do I forget? Oh! no,
For memory's golden chain
Shall bind my heart to the hearts below,
Till they meet and touch again;
Each link is strong and bright,
While love's electric flame
Flows freely down, like a river of light,
To the world from whence I came.

Do you mourn when another star
Shines out from the glorious sky?
Do you weep when the voice of war
And the rage of conflict die?
Why then should your tears roll down,
Or your heart be sorely riven,
For another gem in the Saviour's crown,
And another soul in heaven?

SUPPLICATION.

LORD, hear my prayer!
Turn not thine ear from my distress,
But with thy loving mercy bless,
Lest I despair.

Be gracious, Lord!
My soul is oft opprest and weak;
Oh! aid me when I comfort seek
In thy blest word.

My footsteps stray;
I wander often from the road
That leads to peace and thee my God;
Teach thou the way.

Oh! make me pure,
Clothe thou my soul in spotless white,
That my acceptance in thy sight,
Be always sure.

Let me be one
Of all the sinless company
That round thy throne hosannahs sing,
Through Christ thy Son.

Thy will be done
On earth, as by each holy one,
Thy own redeemed, who near thy throne,
Bow down the knee!

R——N.

EVENING PRAYER.

FATHER of mercy! at the close of day,
My work and duties done, to thee I pray
Before I sleep;
With clasped hands I humbly bow my head,
And ask thee, Lord, ere I retire to bed,
My soul to keep.

The sins and failings of the day now past,
The shadows on my soul that they have cast,
Do thou forgive;
Oh! purge my life from every taint of sin,
That I within thy courts may enter in,
With thee to live.

Whatever sorrow I this day have known,
I spread it now, O Lord! before thy throne—
Oh! succor send;
I would beneath thy chastening hand be still,
And meekly bow before thy sovereign will,
Unto the end.

And now with folded hand upon my breast,
At peace with thee, I lay me down to rest
Upon my bed;
May angels guard me through the darksome night,
From troubled dreams, until the morning light
Its beams shall shed.

R——N.

THE WANDERING HEART.

Alas! for the wildly wandering heart,
And its changing idol guests,
It has roamed away to the world's far ends
At the vagrant wind's behests;
More fleet in its course than the flying dart—
Alas! for the wandering heart.

Go, bind it with memory's holiest spells,
But it recks not the things of old;
Go, chain it in gratitude's surest cells,
With fetters more precious than gold;
Yet ever, oh! ever, it will depart—
Alas! for the wandering heart.

Is it gone up to listen at heaven's gate,
To Gabriel's lyre of praise?
And to catch the deep chanting where seraphs wait,
As a lesson for its mortal lays?
Oh! no, for it loves from such lessons to part—
Alas! for the wandering heart.

It loves on a worthless and treacherous world
To bestow its high desires,
And the lamp which it ought to be lighting in heaven,
It kindles at idol fires;
Full seldom it turns to its guiding chart—
Alas! for the wandering heart.

It needs to be steeped in the briny wave
Of affliction's billowy sea,
And salt tears must water its way to the grave,
Ere it will from these vanities flee;
It must ever be feeling the chastening smart—
Alas! for the wandering heart.

My Father! my Father! this heart would be thine!
Restore from its wanderings;
Oh! visit and nourish thy wilderness vine,
Though it be from the bitter springs:
Till the years of its pruning in time shall be o'er,
And its shoots in eternity wander no more!

"RETURN THEE TO THY REST."

RETURN, return thee to thine only rest,
Lone pilgrim of the world!
Far erring from the fold—
By the dark night and risen storms distressed:
List, weary lamb, the Shepherd's anxious voice,
And once again within his arms rejoice.

Return, return, thy fair white fleece is soiled
And by sharp briers rent—
Thy little strength is spent;
Yet he will pity thee, thou torn and spoiled.
There, thou art cradled on his tender breast;
Now never more, sweet lamb, forsake that rest.

Return, return, my soul; be like this lamb;
Yet can it, can it be
That thou should'st pardon me,
Thou injured love! all ingrate as I am;
Once again, weary of earth's trifling things,
False as the desert's far and shining springs?

Return, return to thy forsaken Friend,
So long despised, forgot—
That now thou wandering heart, 'twere just
If he should "know thee not:"
Yet on, press on, towards the mercy-seat,
And if thou perish, perish at his feet.

Return, return, for he is near thee dwelling,
And not into the air
Need rise the sighs of prayer;
Into his ear thou'rt all thy sorrows telling;
Thou need'st not speak to him through spaces wide
For he is near thee, even at thy side.

"Him have I pierced"—oh! I come, I come;
My heart is broken, Lord,
It needs nor voice nor word;
One only look brought Peter back of yore;
How bitterly I weep as then he wept!
Henceforth, oh! keep me, and I shall be kept.

NEAR JESUS.

I WANT to live near Jesus,
And never go astray,
To feel that I am growing
More like Him every day;
That I am always laying
My treasure up above,
And gaining more the spirit
Of His gentleness and love.

I want such steadfast purpose
My mission to fulfill,
That it may be my meat and drink,
To do my Father's will,
To follow in His footsteps,
Who never turned aside
From the path that leads to Heaven
Though often sorely tried.

Oh! that in His humility
My spirit may be clad!
That I may have the patience
My suffering Saviour had,
A heart more disengaged
From earth and earthly things,
Which through life's varied trials
To Jesus simply clings.

Oh! I shall live near Jesus
And never go astray,
And every sin-defiling stain
Shall soon be washed away;
And I'll bear my Master's image
When I see Him face to face,
Then earth shall lose the power
Its brightness to deface.

WHO IS MY BROTHER?

Must I my brother keep,
  And share his pains and toil,
And weep with those that weep,
  And smile with those that smile;
And act to each a brother's part,
And feel his sorrows in my heart?

Must I his burden bear,
  As though it were my own,
And do as I would care
  Should to myself be done,
And faithful to his interests prove,
And as myself my neighbor love?

Must I reprove his sin,
  Must I partake his grief,
And kindly enter in
  And minister relief—
The naked clothe, the hungry feed,
And love him not in word, but deed?

Then, Jesus, at thy feet
  A student let me be,
And learn, as it is meet,
  My duty, Lord, of thee;
For thou didst come on mercy's plan,
And all thy life was love to man.

Oh! make me as thou art,
  Thy spirit, Lord, bestow—
The kind and gentle heart
  That feels another's woe,
That thus I may be like my Head,
And in my Saviour's footsteps tread

PILGRIM OF EARTH.

PILGRIM of earth, who art journeying to heaven!
Heir of Eternal Life! Child of the day!
Cared for, watched over, beloved and forgiven—
Art thou discouraged because of the way?

Cared for, watched over, though often thou seemest
Justly forsaken, nor counted a child;
Loved and forgiven, though rightly thou deemest
Thyself all unlovely, impure, and defiled.

Weary and thirsty—no water-brook near thee,
Press on, nor faint at the length of the way.
The God of thy life will assuredly hear thee—
He will provide thee strength for the day.

Break through the brambles and briers that obstruct thee,
Dread not the gloom and the blackness of night,
Lean on the hand that will safely conduct thee,
Trust to His eye to whom darkness is light.

Be trustful, be steadfast, whatever betide thee,
Only one thing do thou ask of the Lord—
Grace to go forward wherever He guide thee,
Simply believing the truth of His word.

PILGRIM OF EARTH.

Still on thy spirit deep anguish is pressing,
Not for the yoke that His wisdom bestows:
A heavier burden thy soul is distressing,
A heart that is slow in His love to repose.

Earthliness, coldness, unthankful behavior—
Ah! thou mayest sorrow, but do not despair;
Even this grief thou mayest bring to thy Saviour;
Cast upon Him e'en this burden and care!

Bring all thy hardness—His power can subdue it;
How full is the promise! The blessing how free!
"Whatsoever ye ask, in my name, I will do it,
Abide in my love, and be joyful in me."

"WHAT IS THIS THAT HE SAITH—A LITTLE WHILE."—John 16:18.

Oh! for the peace which floweth as a river,
Making Life's desert-places bloom and smile.
Oh! for a faith to grasp Heaven's bright "forever,"
Amid the shadows of Earth's "little while."

"A little while" for patient vigil-keeping,
To face the storm, to wrestle with the strong;
"A little while" to sow the seed with weeping,
Then bind the sheaves and sing the harvest-song

A LITTLE WHILE.

"A little while" to wear the robe of sadness,
To toil with weary step through erring ways;
Then to pour forth the fragrant oil of gladness,
And clasp the girdle of the robe of praise.

"A little while" 'mid shadow and illusion
To strive by faith Love's mysteries to spell;
Then read each dark enigma's clear solution,
Then hail Light's verdict—"He doth all things well."

"A little while" the earthen pitcher taking
To wayside brooks from far-off fountains fed;
Then the parched lip its thirst forever slaking
Beside the fullness of the Fountain Head.

"A little while" to keep the oil from failing;
"A little while" Faith's flickering lamp to trim:
And then the Bridegroom's coming footstep hailing,
To haste to meet him with the bridal hymn.

And He who is at once both Gift and Giver,
The future Glory, and the present smile,
With the bright promise of the glad "forever,"
Will light the shadows of the "little while."

IN HEAVEN.

"Their angels do always behold the face of my Father."

SILENCE filled the courts of Heaven,
Hushed were seraphs' harp and tone,
When a little new-born seraph
Knelt before the Eternal Throne;
While its soft white hands were lifted,
Clasped as if in earnest prayer,
And its voice in dove-like murmurs
Rose like music on the ear.
Light from the full fount of Glory
On his robes of whiteness glistened,
And the bright-winged seraphs near him
Bowed their radiant heads and listened.

"Lord from Thy Throne of Glory here
My heart turns fondly to another,
O Lord, our God, the Comforter!
Comfort, comfort, *my sweet Mother!*
Many sorrows hast Thou sent her,
Meekly has she drained the cup,
And the jewels Thou hast lent her
Unrepining yielded up.
Comfort, comfort, *my sweet Mother!*

IN HEAVEN.

"Earth is growing lonely round her;
Friend and lover hast Thou taken;
Let her not though woes surround her,
Feel herself by Thee forsaken,
Let her think when faint and weary
We are waiting for her *here:*
Let each loss that makes earth dreary
Make the hope of Heaven more dear.
Comfort, comfort, *my sweet Mother!*

"Thou who once in nature human,
Dwelt on earth a little child,
Pillowed on the breast of Woman,
Blessed Mary! undefiled.
Thou who from the cross of suffering,
Marked Thy Mother's tearful face,
And bequeathed her to Thy loved one,
Bidding him to fill Thy place.
Comfort, comfort, *my sweet Mother!*

"Thou who once from Heaven descending
Tears and woes and conflicts won,
Thou who nature's laws suspending
Gav'st the widow back her son,
Thou who at the grave of Lazarus
Wept with those who wept their dead,
Thou! who once in mortal anguish
Bowed Thine own anointed head.
Comfort, comfort, *my sweet Mother!*"

IN HEAVEN.

The dove-like murmurs died away
  Upon the radiant air,
But still the little suppliant knelt
  With hands still clasped in prayer;
Still were those mildly pleading eyes
  Turned to the sapphire throne,
Till golden harp and angel voice
  Rang forth in mingled tone,
And as the swelling numbers flowed
  By angel voices given,
Rich, sweet, and clear, the anthem rolled
  Through all the courts of Heaven.
"He is the widow's God," it said,
  Who spared not "His own Son."
The infant cherub bowed his head
  "Thy will, *O Lord! be* done."

"IT IS I; BE NOT AFRAID.

MATTHEW 14 : 27.

Tossed with rough winds, and faint with fear,
Above the tempest, soft and clear,
What still small accents greet mine ear?
"'Tis I; be not afraid.

"'Tis I, who led thy steps aright;
'Tis I, who gave thy blind eyes sight;
Tis I, thy Lord, thy Life, thy Light:
'Tis I; be not afraid.

"These raging winds, this surging sea,
Bear not a breath of wrath to thee;
That storm has all been spent on Me:
'Tis I; be not afraid.

"This bitter cup fear not to drink;
I know it well—oh! do not shrink,
I tasted it o'er Kedron's brink,
'Tis I; be not afraid.

"Mine eyes are watching by thy bed,
Mine arms are underneath thy head,
My blessing is around thee shed:
'Tis I; be not afraid.

IT IS I; BE NOT AFRAID.

"When on the other side thy feet
Shall rest 'mid thousand welcomes sweet,
One well-known voice thy heart shall greet;
'Tis I; be not afraid."

From out the dazzling majesty,
Gently He'll lay His hand on thee,
Whispering: "Beloved, lov'st thou me?
'Twas not in vain I died for thee;
'Tis I; be not afraid."

NATURE AND FAITH.

2 Cor. 4: 17, 18.

We wept—'twas *Nature* wept, but Faith
Can pierce beyond the gloom of death,
And in yon world so fair and bright
Behold thee in refulgent light!
We miss thee here, yet *Faith* would rather
Know thou art with thy heavenly Father.
Nature sees the body dead—
Faith beholds the spirit fled;
Nature stops at Jordan's tide—
Faith beholds the other side;
That but hears farewell and sighs,
This, thy welcome in the skies;

NATURE AND FAITH.

Nature mourns a *cruel* blow—
Faith assures it is not so;
Nature never sees thee more—
Faith but sees thee gone before;
Nature tells a dismal story—
Faith has visions full of glory;
Nature views the change with sadness—
Faith contemplates it with gladness;
Nature murmurs—*Faith* gives meekness,
"Strength is perfected in weakness;"
Nature writhes, and hates the rod—
Faith looks up and blesses God;
Sense looks downwards—*Faith* above;
That sees harshness—*this* sees love.
Oh! let *Faith* victorious be—
Let it reign triumphantly!

But thou art gone! not lost, but flown,
Shall I then ask thee back, my own?
Back—and leave thy spirit's brightness?
Back—and leave thy robes of whiteness?
Back—and leave thine angel mould?
Back—and leave those streets of gold?
Back—and leave the Lamb who feeds thee?
Back—from founts to which He leads thee?
Back—and leave thy Heavenly Father?
Back—to earth and sin?—Nay rather
Would I live in solitude!
I *would* not ask thee if I *could;*
But patient wait the high decree,
That calls my spirit home to thee!

MY LAMBS.

I LOVED them so,
That when the elder Shepherd of the fold
Came, covered with the storm, and pale and cold,
And begged for one of my sweet lambs to hold,
I bade him go.

He claimed the pet;
A little fondling thing, that to my breast
Clung always, either in quiet or unrest;
I thought of all my lambs I loved him best,
And yet—and yet—

I laid him down,
In those white, shrouded arms, with bitter tears;
For some voice told me that, in after-years,
He should know naught of passion, grief, or fears,
As I had known.

And yet again
That elder Shepherd came; my heart grew faint;
He claimed another lamb, with sadder plaint,
Another! She who, gentle as a saint,
Ne'er gave me pain.

Aghast I turned away,
There sat she, lovely as an angel's dream,
Her golden locks with sunlight all agleam,
Her holy eyes with heaven in their beam:
I knelt to pray:

"Is it thy will?
My Father, say, must this pet lamb be given?
Oh! thou hast many such, dear Lord, in heaven;"
And a soft voice said: "Nobly hast thou striven;
But—peace, be still."

Oh! how I wept,
And clasped her to my bosom, with a wild
And yearning love—my lamb, my pleasant child:
Her, too, I gave; the little angel smiled,
And slept.

"Go! go!" I cried:
For once, again, that Shepherd laid his hand
Upon the noblest of our household band:
Like a pale spectre, there he took his stand,
Close to his side.

And yet how wondrous sweet
The look with which he heard my passionate cry:
"Touch not my lamb; for him oh! let me die!"
"A little while," he said, with smile and sigh,
"Again to meet."

Hopeless I fell;
And when I rose, the light had burned so low,
So faint, I could not see my darling go:
He had not bidden me farewell; but oh!
I felt farewell

More deeply, far,
Than if my arms had compassed that slight frame;
Though could I but have heard him call my name—
"Dear mother"—but in heaven 'twill be the same;
There burns my star!

He will not take
Another lamb, I thought, for only one
Of the dear fold is spared to be my sun,
My guide, my mourner when this life is done;
My heart would break.

Oh! with that thrill
I heard him enter; but I did not know
(For it was dark) that he had robbed me so;
The idol of my soul!—he could not go—
O heart! be still!

MY LAMBS.

Came morning: can I tell
How this poor frame its sorrowful tenant kept?
For waking tears were mine; I, sleeping, wept,
And days, months, years, that weary vigil kept.
Alas! "Farewell."

How often it is said!
I sit and think, and wonder too, sometime,
How it will seem when in that happier clime,
It never will ring out like funeral chime
Over the dead.

No tears! no tears!
Will there a day come that I shall not weep?
For I bedew my pillow in my sleep.
Yes, yes; thank God! no grief that clime shall keep—
No weary years.

Ay! it is well!
Well with my lambs, and with their earthly guide:
There, pleasant rivers wander they beside,
Or strike sweet harps upon its silver tide—
Ay! it is well.

Through the dreary day
They often come from glorious light to me;
I cannot feel their touch, their faces see,
Yet my soul whispers, they do come to me;
Heaven is not far away.

THE CALL.

Thy night is dark; behold, the shade was deeper
In the old garden of Gethsemane,
When that calm voice awoke the weary sleeper:
"Could'st thou not watch one hour alone with me?"

O thou, so weary of thy self-denials!
And so impatient of thy little cross,
Is it so hard to bear thy daily trials,
To count all earthly things a gainful loss?

What if thou *always* suffer tribulation,
And if thy Christian warfare never cease;
The gaining of the quiet habitation
Shall gather thee to everlasting peace.

But here we all must suffer, walking lonely
The path that Jesus once himself hath gone:
Watch thou in patience through the dark hour only,
This one dark hour—before the eternal dawn.

The captive's oar may pause upon the galley,
The soldier sleep beneath his pluméd crest,
And Peace may fold her wing o'er hill and valley,
But thou, O Christian! must not take thy rest.

Thou must walk on, however man upbraid thee,
With Him who trod the wine-press all alone;
Thou wilt not find one human hand to aid thee,
One human soul to comprehend thine own.

THE CALL.

Heed not the images forever thronging
From out the foregone life thou liv'st no more;
Faint-hearted mariner! still art thou longing
For the dim line of the receding shore.

Wilt thou find rest of soul in thy returning
To that old path thou hast so vainly trod?
Hast thou forgotten all thy weary yearning
To walk among the children of thy God?

Faithful and steadfast in their consecration,
Living by that high faith to thee so dim,
Declaring before God their dedication,
So far from thee because so near to him?

Canst thou forget thy Christian superscription,
"Behold, we count them happy which endure?"
What treasure wouldst thou, in the land Egyptian,
Repass the stormy water to secure?

And wilt thou yield thy sure and glorious promise
For the poor fleeting joys earth can afford?
No hand can take away the treasure from us
That rests within the keeping of the Lord.

Poor, wandering soul! I know that thou art seeking
Some easier way, as all have sought before,
To silence the reproachful inward speaking—
Some landward path unto an island shore.

The cross is heavy in thy human measure;
The way too narrow for thine inward pride;
Thou canst not lay thine intellectual treasure
At the low footstool of the Crucified.

THE CALL.

Oh! that thy faithless soul, one great hour only,
Would comprehend the Christian's perfect life;
Despised with Jesus, sorrowful and lonely,
Yet calmly looking upward in its strife.

For poverty and self-renunciation,
The Father yieldeth back a thousand-fold;
In the calm stillness of regeneration
Cometh a joy we never knew of old.

In meek obedience to the heavenly Teacher,
Thy weary soul can find its only peace;
Seeking no aid from any human creature—
Looking to God alone for his release.

And he will come in his own time and power
To set his earnest-hearted children free:
Watch only through this dark and painful hour,
And the bright morning yet will break for thee.

GOD'S ANVIL.

PAIN'S furnace-heat within me quivers,
God's breath upon the fire doth blow,
And all my heart in anguish shivers,
And trembles at the fiery glow;
And yet I whisper, "As God will!"
And in his hottest fire hold still.

He comes, and lays my heart all heated
On the bare anvil, minded so
Into his own fair shape to beat it
With his great hammer, blow on blow;
And yet I whisper, "As God will!"
And at his heaviest blows hold still.

He takes my softened heart and beats it;
The sparks fly off at every blow;
He turns it o'er and o'er, and heats it,
And lets it cool, and makes it glow.
And yet I whisper, "As God will!"
And in his mighty hand hold still.

Why should I murmur? for the sorrow
Thus only longer-lived would be;
Its end may come, and will to-morrow,
When God has done his work in me.
So I say trusting, "As God will!"
And trusting to the end, hold still.

He kindles for my profit purely,
Affliction's glowing, fiery brand;
And all his heaviest blows are surely
Inflicted by a master-hand.
So I say praying, "As God will!"
And hope in him and suffer still.

THE CROSS AND CROWN.

Must Jesus bear the cross alone,
And all the world go free?
No; there's a cross for every one;
And there's a cross for me.

How happy are the saints above,
Who once went sorrowing here;
But now they taste unmingled love
And joy without a tear.

The consecrated cross I'll bear,
Till death shall set me free;
And then go home my crown to wear,
For there's a crown for me.

Upon the crystal pavement down,
At Jesus' pierced feet,
Joyful I'll cast my golden crown,
And his dear name repeat.

And palms shall wave and harps shall ring
Beneath heaven's arches high;
The Lord that lives, the ransomed sing,
That lives no more to die.

EVEN ME.

LORD! I hear of showers of blessing
Thou art scattering full and free,
Showers the thirsty soul refreshing —
Let some droppings fall on me,
Even me.

Pass me not, O gracious Father!
Lost and sinful though I be;
Thou mightst curse me, but the rather
Let thy mercy light on me,
Even me.

Pass me not, O tender Saviour!
Let me love and cling to thee;
I am longing for thy favor;
When thou comest, call for me,
Even me.

Pass me not, O mighty Spirit!
Thou canst make the blind to see;
Testify of Jesus' merit,
Speak the word of peace to me,
Even me.

Have I long in sin been sleeping,
Long been slighting, grieving thee?
Has the world my heart been keeping?
Oh! forgive and rescue me,
Even me.

Love of God! so pure and changeless;
Blood of God! so rich and free;
Grace of God! so strong and boundless,
Magnify it all in me,
Even me.

Pass me not, almighty Spirit!
Draw this lifeless heart to thee;
Impute to me the Saviour's merit,
Blessing others, oh! bless me,
Even me.

OH! MY SAVIOUR CRUCIFIED.

Oh! my Saviour crucified,
Near thy cross may I abide;
There to gaze with steadfast eye
On thy dying agony.

Jesus, bruised and put to shame,
Tells me all the Father's name;
God is love, I surely know,
By my Saviour's depths of woe!

In his sinless soul's distress,
I behold my guiltiness;
Oh! how vile my low estate
Since my ransom was so great.

Dwelling on Mount Calvary,
Contrite shall my spirit be,
Rest and holiness shall find,
Fashioned like my Saviour's mind.

THE PEACE OF GOD

We ask for peace, O Lord
  Thy children ask thy peace;
Not what the world calls rest,
  That toil and care should cease·
That through bright sunny hours,
  Calm life should fleet away,
And tranquil night should fade
      In smiling day.
It is not for such peace that we would pray.

We ask for peace, O Lord!
  Yet not to stand secure,
Girt round with iron pride,
  Contented to endure;
Crushing the gentle strings
  That human hearts should know;
Untouched by others' joys
      Or others' woe.
Thou, O dear Lord! wilt never teach us so.

We ask thy peace, O Lord!
  Through storm and fear and strife,
To light and guide us on,
  Through a long, struggling life;
While no success or gain
  Shall cheer the desperate fight,
Or nerve what the world calls
      Our wasted might;
Yet pressing through the darkness to the light.

It is thine own, O Lord!
  Who toil while others sleep;
Who sow with living care,
  What other hands shall reap;
They lean on thee entranced
  In calm and perfect rest;
Give us that peace, O Lord!
    Divine and blest,
Thou keepest for those hearts that love thee best.

PEACE.

Life's mystery, deep, restless as the ocean,
  Hath surged and wailed for ages to and fro;
Earth's generations watch its ceaseless motion,
  As in and out its hollow moanings flow.
Shivering and yearning by that unknown sea,
Let my soul calm itself, O God! in thee.

Life's sorrows, with inexorable power,
  Sweep desolation o'er this mortal plain;
And human loves and hopes fly as the chaff,
  Borne by the whirlwind, from the ripened grain.
Oh! when before that blast my hopes all flee,
Let my soul calm itself, O Christ! in thee.

Between the mysteries of death and life
  Thou standest, loving, guiding, not explaining;

PEACE.

We ask, and thou art silent; yet we gaze,
And our charmed hearts forget their drear complaining.
No crushing fate, no stony destiny,
Thou "Lamb that hath been slain," we rest in thee.

The many waves of thought, the mighty tides,
The ground-swell that rolls up from other lands,
From far-off worlds, from dim, eternal shores,
Whose echo dashes o'er life's wave-worn strands;
This vague, dark tumult of the inner sea
Grows calm, grows bright, O risen Lord! in thee.

Thy piercéd hand guides the mysterious wheels,
Thy thorn-crowned brow now wears the crown of power,
And when the dark enigma presseth sore,
Thy patient voice saith: "Watch with me one hour."
As sinks the moaning river in the sea,
In silent peace, so sinks my soul in thee.

PRAYER FOR STRENGTH.

FATHER! before thy footstool kneeling,
Once more my heart goes up to thee
For aid, for strength to thee appealing;
Thou who alone canst succor me.

Hear me, for heart and flesh are failing,
My spirit yielding in the strife;
And anguish, wild as unavailing,
Sweeps in a flood across my life.

Help me to stem the tide of sorrow;
Help me to bear thy chastening rod;
Give me endurance; let me borrow
Strength from thy promise, O my God!

Not mine the grief which words may lighten;
Not mine the tears of common woe;
The pang with which my heart-strings tighten,
Only the all-seeing One may know.

And I am weak; my feeble spirit
Shrinks from life's task in wild dismay;
Yet not that thou that task wouldst spare it,
My Father, do I dare to pray.

Into my soul thy might infusing,
Strengthening my spirit by thine own,
Help me — all other aid refusing —
To cling to thee and thee alone.

And oh! in my exceeding weakness,
Make thy strength perfect — thou art strong —
Aid me to do thy will with meekness,
Thou, to whom all my powers belong.

Saviour! our human form once wearing,
Help, by the memory of that day,
When, painfully thy dark cross bearing,
E'en for a time thy strength gave way.

Beneath a lighter burden sinking,
Jesus, I cast myself on thee;
Forgive, forgive this useless shrinking
From trials that I know must be.

Oh! let me feel that thou art near me,
Close to thy side I shall not fear;
Hear me, O Strength of Israel! hear me;
Sustain and aid! in mercy, hear?

ONWARD.

Traveler, faint not on the road,
Droop not in the parching sun;
Onward, onward with thy load,
Till the night be won;
Swerve not, though thy bleeding feet
Fain the narrow path would leave,
From the burden and the heat;
Thou shalt rest at eve.

Midst a world that round thee fades,
Brightening stars and twilight life;
When a sacred calm pervades
All that now is strife;
Rich the joy to be revealed
In that hour from labor free,
Bright the splendors that shall yield
Happiness to thee.

Master of a holy charm,
Yet be patient on thy way;
Use the spell, and check the harm
That would lead astray;
From the petty cares that teem,
Turn thee, with prophetic eye,
To the glory of that dream
Which shall never die.

By the mystery of thy trust;
By the grandeur of that hour
When mortality and dust
Clothed eternal power;

By the purple robe of shame,
The mockery and the insulting rod;
By the anguish that o'ercame
The incarnate God!

Faint not! fail not! be thou strong;
Cast away distrust and fear,
Though the weary day seems long,
Yet the night is near;
Friends and kindred wait beyond,
They who passed the trial pure;
Traveler, by that holy bond,
Shrink not to endure.

GRIEF WAS SENT THEE FOR THY GOOD.

Some there are who seem exempted
From the doom incurred by all;
Are they not more sorely tempted?
Are they not the first to fall?
As a mother's firm denial
Checks her infant's wayward mood,
Wisdom lurks in every trial—
Grief was sent thee for thy good.

In the scenes of former pleasure,
Present anguish hast thou felt;
O'er thy fond heart's dearest treasure
As a mourner hast thou knelt;
In thy hour of deep affliction,
Let no impious thoughts intrude;
Meekly bow, with this conviction,
Grief was sent thee for thy good.

FOR THE NEW YEAR.

Another year, another year
Has borne its record to the skies;
Another year, another year,
Untried, unproved before us lies;
We hail with smiles its dawning ray —
How shall we meet its final day?

Another year, another year!
Its squandered hours will ne'er return;
Oh! many a heart must quail with fear,
O'er memory's blotted page to turn.
No record from that leaf will fade,
Not one erasure may be made.

Another year, another year!
How many a grief has marked its flight!
Some whom we love no more are here —
Translated to the realms of light.
Ah! none can bless the coming year
Like those no more to greet us here.

Another year, another year!
Oh! many a blessing too was given,
Our lives to deck, our hearts to cheer,
And antedate the joys of heaven;
But they too slumber in the past,
Where joys and griefs must sink at last.

FOR THE NEW YEAR.

Another year, another year!
  Gaze we no longer on the past,
Nor let us shrink with faithless fear
  From the dark shade the future casts.
The past, the future, what are they
  To those whose lives may end to-day?

Another year, another year!
  Perchance the last of life below;
Who, ere its close, death's call may hear,
  None but the Lord of life can know.
Oh! to be found whene'er that day
  May come, prepared to pass away.

Another year, another year!
  Help us earth's thorny path to tread;
So may each moment bring us near
  To thee, ere yet our lives are fled.
Saviour! we yield ourselves to thee,
  For time and for eternity.

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